thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part I have ſaved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore i'le make him ſure; yea and i'le ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantaſie that playes upon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Jacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeved, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne upon their own heads, I'le take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and would deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
I'le guild it with the happieſt termes I have.

A retreate is ſounded.

Prin. The Trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. I'le follow, as they ſay, for reward: He that rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, i'le grow leſſe: for i'le purge and leave Sacke, and live cleanely, as a Nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince *of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earle of* Weſtmerland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *priſoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion finde rebuke:
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and termes of love to all of you?
And wouldſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlayne and all his men,
Upon the foote of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King.

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